

# **PACIFIC WEEKLY**

**A WESTERN JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION**

**JANUARY 13, 1936**

## **SOVIET SCIENCE FACES INWARD**

**BY D. T. MACDOUGAL**

## **THE SHAME OF OREGON**

**BY KENNETH FITZGERALD**

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# PACIFIC WEEKLY

A Western Journal of Fact and Opinion

VOLUME IV

MONDAY, JANUARY 13, 1936

NUMBER 2

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## NOTES AND COMMENT

### WHAT STRIKES THEM

AS NOTED in Lincoln Steffens' column, issues of PACIFIC WEEKLY, marked in thick blue pencil, have been sent to various San Francisco big business firms, presumably by the Industrial Association's Research department. Passages marked or underlined in the November 11 issue included the following parts from John Poniard's "Community Chest Hoopla":

"Rather than give to the Chest without knowing if their donation will reach a worthy person. . . and

(and their giving) "really prolongs the agony of a diseased social order. . . "

and the paragraphs from the editorial "The Chronicle and the Shipowners" about the growth of the radical press, about the split among the shipowners which John Francis Neylan came up against in 1934, and the last paragraph about the Chronicle still being a capitalist newspaper which of course in a crisis would behave as it did in the shipping strike.

### JUST DANDY!

ACTION and reaction are again resounding in intellectual life in California. While Mr. and Mrs. Carveth Wells are filling the Hearst newspapers with horror tales of starving babies suckling the dried breasts of fainting mothers Alexander Woollcott finished his broadcasting series for Cream of Wheat with an impassioned appeal for contributions to the American Civil Liberties Union; he could "not imagine a dollar better spent than in trying to maintain our fast-vanishing freedom". It was evidently California, which he was visiting, which moved him to this frank statement.

In Los Angeles John D. Barry, speaking before the ultra-conservative Friday Morning Club on California writers, mentioned PACIFIC WEEKLY and three of its contributors. He spoke at length on the outstanding achievement of Upton Sinclair and said that radicals were needed and were a help and an asset. He praised the poetry of Marie deL. Welch,

mentioning her California recently published in this magazine and Lincoln Steffens' column. In the chair sat Mrs. Louise Ward Watkins, retiring chairman who has just become president of the Hearst-sponsored American Women, Inc., which last week arranged Mrs. Carveth Wells' lecture.

President Robert Maynard Hutchins of the University of Chicago, spoke before the Lissauer Forum in a packed auditorium before several thousand people. He said that if children were to be taught respect for the flag by means of the teachers' oath, why was it not insisted that those other influencers of children also be forced to take the oath—football players, baseball heroes, parents and Amos and Andy. In question time he was asked: "And what, Professor Hutchins, do you think of those children who refuse to take the oath of allegiance?" "Just dandy," replied the university president.

### THE ANTI-HEARST STICKERS

WILLIAM H. MCCARTHY, postmaster of San Francisco, was recently queried about the reported violation of post office regulations through the use of "I Don't Read Hearst" stickers on the back of envelopes.

His reply was as follows:

"The sticker to which you refer, inscribed 'I Don't Read Hearst', was called to our attention by the business manager of the San Francisco Examiner.

"Under date of August 20, 1935, we submitted the matter to the Solicitor of the Post Office Department, Hon. Karl A. Crowley, Washington, D. C., for a ruling. On August 24, 1935, we received by wire the following message: 'Sticker bearing defamatory message unmailable. (Signed) Calvin W. Hassell, Acting Solicitor.'

"No further amplification of this ruling has been received and I am therefore unable to tell you under what section of the Postal Laws and Regulations the Solicitor ruled.

"However, the matter having been declared unmailable under Section 725, Postal Laws and Regulations, it is our duty to see that 'All matter which is unmailable under the provisions of Section 598, 599, 600, 601, or 2350, shall, when deposited in a post office, be withdrawn from the mails and sent to the Division of Dead Letters and Dead Parcel Post'.

"'2. Postmasters shall exclude from the mails all unmailable matter, and when it is known at the time any matter is offered for mailing that it is unmailable under any statute the postmaster shall decline to receive it.' "

We are printing this reply of Postmaster McCarthy not because it seems to be a definite ruling against "I Don't Read Hearst" stickers (it certainly is not that) but because it may explain the failure of letters to arrive at their destinations. Other post offices in the State say that they know of no such ruling and are accepting and passing all mail which bears the stickers.

### WAR ON THE WATERFRONT

RUMORS of impending trouble on the waterfront have been again insistent for some weeks in San Francisco. We publish below an analysis of some key points at issue. The capitalist press is printing very little—merely the news of the ships tied up and the attempts made in Washington to put

the marine unions in the wrong. Secretary of Labor Perkins, as the AP and UP report, sent a letter on January 6 to Harry Lundeborg, President of the Maritime Union of the Pacific, in answer to his communication pointing to the violations of the arbitration award warning him that if the award be broken by either party it would become a "scrap of paper".

Meantime last week the entire unlicensed personnel of one ship hired in the East walked off demanding Western articles and pay. One of the great causes of discontent among Atlantic and Gulf longshoremen and seamen is the much better conditions prevailing on the West Coast since the strike. Attempts are being made to form a Marine Federation of the Gulf. Both sides are struggling to attain their united front.

The following is by a close observer who must remain anonymous.

**T**HE Waterfront Employers' Association of San Francisco has arranged a meeting with representatives from industrial associations and chambers of commerce up and down the Pacific Coast during the first week in January. They are working hard for a "united front" and "solidarity"—among Pacific Coast employers. The Association hopes at this meeting to be able to present their resolution, signed by every steamship owner and operator in San Francisco, calling for breaking off all dealings with the I. L. A. unless alleged violations of the award cease.

Accomplishing a united front among even such a relatively small group as the steamship operators isn't an easy task. The large operators are making money despite the payment of better wages to the now strongly organized waterfront workers. As long as they can continue to pass increased costs along to the consumer, they are unwilling to precipitate trouble.

Action on the resolution would mean a lock-out. The present Administration is pro-labor in the opinion of the industrialists. The Wagner labor bill hasn't yet been declared unconstitutional, and employers have reason to fear the activities of the new National Labor Relations Board. The operators realize that this is no time to raise the suspicion of an attempt at union-busting. Their plans have been carefully laid. While the owners have soft-pedaled their own violations of the arbitrations award, their public relations committee has filled the newspapers with loud cries of radicalism whenever anything occurs which they construe as violations of the award by the unions. No effort or expense must be spared in this "build up" of radicalism in the waterfront unions, for no lock-out could be effective without the sympathy of the middle class public. The demand of Elisha Hanson, attorney for the shipowners, that Attorney General Cummings prosecute the Maritime Federation under the Sherman Anti-Trust law is quite obviously for the purpose of planting in the public mind the idea that the Federation is engaged in criminal activities.

Too, this is election year, and the Democrats need the votes of labor to elect Roosevelt. This factor must be reckoned with. Even if all Pacific Coast employers unanimously back this resolution no lock-out can be effective unless the employers can count on the support of the governors and mayors to call out the militia. Governor Merriam and Mayor Rossi cannot be counted on to act as quickly as they did in the 1934 strike. A politician must have votes, and the growing power of labor cannot be ignored. A stronger pressure will have to be brought to bear on them this time.

Since the 1934 strike the owners have lost another ally. Previous to that they could always count on dealing directly with "Joe" Ryan of the I. L. A., with results satisfactory to

their interests. But Ryan has learned a good deal since then. His trip to the Pacific Coast in the summer of 1934 was a disastrous one for him. He likes to tell the employers that he barely escaped with his life. The truth is that he has known since then that he could no longer make promises to the employers.

These employers are at last ready to promise "Joe" a closed shop for the I. L. A. All they seek in return is that he revoke the charter of the San Francisco I. L. A. local, purge the union of the radical element, they say. But Ryan is no longer quick with his assurance of cooperation. He has felt the might of the rank and file and his hands are full maintaining his precarious position.

The large operators are aware of the risks involved in a lock-out at the present time. Some of the foreign lines say they will come in on condition that the lock-out here will not affect their operations on the east coast. They want the assurance of Ryan on this point, but it is doubtful whether Ryan will be able to commit himself.

If the representatives of the various chambers of commerce and industrial associations promise full support at this January meeting, a tremendous pressure can be exerted on those who hesitate, sufficient perhaps to override their conditions and prevent further stalling for time. The employers will then be mobilized for war. Once mobilized, how long will they be able to resist attacking?

(Ed. Note: The New York Times Labor correspondent, Louis Stark, stated in the New York Times of January 1 that unless the influence of the Maritime Federation of the Pacific was ended, the Pacific Coast companies would resort to direct vigilante methods of crushing the Pacific Coast unions. Stark continued that the shipowners and many other employers have virtually completed formation of a coast-wide vigilante organization to protect their interests in the event that find themselves unable to obtain redress from the government should the international unions continue to be unable to discipline their Pacific Coast local unions. Stark states that the central headquarters are the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce and that the present strike of steam schooners may be the pretext for the showdown.)

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## SO THIS IS NEWS!

**I**N A CERTAIN country reputed to be the richest nation in the world, with the most intelligent people.

Scene: Make-up of a great metropolitan advertising sheet—miscalled a "news" paper.

"Here's a cable announcing that the great-grandson of a German princeling, who may one day be king of England, hasn't fallen from his horse to-day."

*Great, put it on the front page.*

"Man knocks little rubber ball around field with fewer strokes than another man takes."

*Fine. Give it two columns with photos of the men and kibitzers.*

"Two husky loafers pound each other in the prize ring."

*Half a page. With flashes showing the knockout.*

One horse runs faster than another horse in the crooked horse-racing game."

*Three columns, with cuts of prominent idle rich in grandstand.*

"Cocktail party at the Blitz. The Gotsomuch girls drink flavored alcohol with the Haditonce boys."

*A column on the society page.*

"Stocks go up and down in Wall Street, with expert manipulation by insiders shaking out the lambs."

*Two columns on our financial page.*

"Two teams of hired men play a game of ball in an uptown field."

*The usual half a page with lots of cuts showing players running or sliding to base.*

"Senator Gabblemuch in radio talk says that return to constitution is only way to cure industrial depression."

*He's been saying that for a couple of years. Give him a couple of sticks.*

"Reform city administration demands higher salaries and more tax-eating officials."

*Put under head "Civic Reform Makes Good".*

"Mayor says there must be more taxes for relief of unemployed. Sales tax on consumers may be increased."

*Cut out that about sales tax. Our big advertisers don't like it.*

"Here's a letter saying that the city could get \$400,000,000 revenue annually by taxing ground rents of city landowners."

*That's from one of these single-taxers. Chuck it.*

—WHIDDEN GRAHAM

## LINCOLN STEFFENS SPEAKING--

THE SUPREME COURT blasts AAA, as it has other attempts to do gradually by lawful "evolution" what modern history, the "reds" and the antics of the Tories of both business and politics say can be done only by revolution. The President, blocked, may have to challenge the high court and the Republicans are tossing it into the ring where it can be kicked. Where the process by which the judiciary got the power of veto forbidden by the Sacred Constitution can and will have to be examined. The conservatives are taking big chances these days of their desperation.

THE PETER COOPER and the Hewitt families merged and

married have come to a pretty pass with their millions gained once by inventive genius and public service. The money turned them upside down, apparently. A mother of the breed has a daughter sterilized and the daughter brings suit for half a million. In another way, riches is as hard on human beings as poverty, and as humiliating.

THAT WATERFRONT general strike will be an earned strike, when the shipowners get it, but they cannot now make it look like anything else but a lock-out; which it is bursting to be. Ours is not the only journal that knows and could show this. "We" urge our competitors to "spill"; it might spoil a big, bad, general news story, but "what t'ell", the plot is better than the crime and not nearly so devastating. Exposure would be a public service.

THE PRESIDENT'S "good neighbor" message to Congress last Friday night was a genuine expression of himself, his mind and his goodwill; and it must have voiced this country, the American people. Privately I feel that it expressed human nature. It expressed that spirit of Man which has found itself free in Soviet, Communist Russia, and strains for release everywhere.

The conflict between such goodwill and intelligence is old, perennial and—coming to head.

O. O. McINTYRE predicts a censorship over the theatres in New York before long. The business managers, the undertakers, he says, have found that smut, etc., pay and are going farther and farther till the public gags. Too bad. It's a period of degeneration and should have license to run its course. Excess won't prevent revolution, but it might beat fascism.

THROWING THE CONSTITUTION into politics is apt to undermine that sacred instrument. Many writers I know who never read the Thing and its history are digging into it to get ready for the fight ahead. They are finding out, of course, that from the beginning the constitution has been manipulated, amended, misconstrued, abused and fixed by the same interests that seized and corrupted the government. These writers are apt to get the voters reading and thinking about the sacred cow, and seeing things through it. They ought to be arrested on a charge of undermining the government; these writers and the Republicans should do some reading.

THE INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATION or some of its employes are having PACIFIC WEEKLY read and marked for its members who, like a captain of industry I know, cannot read "long stories" themselves. A spy of ours has brought us a copy so marked that I could read it again with twice the interest it had when it was issued. It was like hearing applause. It was like hearing the Industrial Association say or shout: "Yes, brother, I heard you," when you or I was not sure they were paying any attention. Now "we" know that the enemy, if not our friends, read and "get" PACIFIC WEEKLY. Some satisfaction in that for us and I have malice enough to believe that our readers both pro and anti might have their enjoyment multiplied if they realized that the businessmen were reading our lines.

Reminds me of the chief of police who was kicking to us "press" one day about the leaks in his office through which corrupt and official acts of his flowed out into my paper. To my friendly suggestion that he call in a detective to discover

the leak, he blurted: "Detective! Hell, what we need is a plumber."

The crooked shipowners and their class associates need a plumber as "we" know well. And we are not the only "press" that is informed about what they are planning on the waterfront and who are the underminers of the law and order to come. Unless some spy marks this paragraph.

**THE WESTERN WORKER**, the West Coast organ of the Communist Party and the voice of conscious and unconscious labor out here, is appealing for circulation. It's part of Labor's struggle to get circulation. The red organ not only deserves and serves the uses of labor; a big circulation will show employers that the United Front is a potent fact. And other papers, and the public. I find I have to read *The Western Worker* to get the news and get the thought and the spirit of the labor class. I enjoy it, too.

**IT'S BECOMING** usage now to drop bombs into hospitals in war-time. We do make progress; doctors and nurses will soon be sneaking underground. I recall when Christianity dug catacombs and did business out of sight.

**THE UNITED STATES** is trying to pay the defeated some interest on the great sums they were deprived of under the System and the winners are kicking about the cost to them in taxes, especially income taxes. They seem to think it is theirs. I think the mismanagement was not theirs; they want to be allowed to do it all over again.

**PROSPERITY** is coming first to the speculators in Wall Street, and the expert economists don't like to count that. Not quite sound. Not earned. A red can tell them that's it. It isn't sound, but it's it; it won't last, but it never has and that's exactly it.

**THE PRESIDENT** boasts in his message that he has moved the capital of the United States from New York to Washington, D. C. Not sure yet. It may be, and it helps to say it; helps to do it and it helps to boast about it. But it won't be certain till the President himself believes it and acts accordingly.



## THE SHAME OF OREGON

**N**EVER in all the history of the northwest has there been such a storm of indignation and protest as that which has swept Oregon and Washington on the occasion of the deportation of Walter Baer. Practically every newspaper in Oregon has carried series of editorials denouncing the deportation; ministers preach "Walter Baer sermons" in Portland churches on Sundays and call upon God to right the "tyrannical work of evil men"; ministers, lawyers, labor leaders, legionnaires and professed "reds" gather together in delegations to intercede with the proper officials and lodge their unanimous protest against the exiling to Germany of an unemployed engineer. Every day the newspapers carry letters from indignant readers, speaker after speaker pleads by radio for a manifestation of greater public indignation, and high-ranking leaders of the Republican and Democratic parties

gather in little groups to discuss nervously the political dynamite sizzling and sputtering beneath the case of Walter Baer.

There are hundreds of persons deported each year to foreign lands, hundreds of families torn apart by the ruthless tyranny of the immigration laws. Why, then, is it that the case of Walter Baer has struck the northwest with the fury of a thunderbolt, what makes this case so brazen as to unite in solid protest the radical, liberal and conservative forces of the northwest?

Walter Baer is being deported to-day because he served three terms in prison. That is, that's what the immigration officials say. The public doesn't think so! And there seems to be a lot of facts to justify this disbelief.

Baer was brought to America from Germany at the age of seven, more than thirty years ago. Motherless and surrounded by an environment not exactly conducive to the creation of the moral standard required by an Insull, Dougherty, Fall society, the young German emigree made a few mistakes. He cashed a few bad checks, took a few things that didn't belong to him, and got caught. He served his last term in the penitentiary more than fourteen years ago while yet a young man just out of his teens. And that term wrote "finis" to his disregard for certain set moral standards. He decided to "go straight".

In prison he had organized his time well. By means of a correspondence course he took up the study of engineering. And he had ability. That was soon proved. Out of jail he began to look for work. When he had obtained it he began to make a place for himself in the engineering field. Again and again he was fired because of his prison record, but that didn't phase him. He was an engineer now . . . and he was going straight.

Finally people began to recognize his ability. He got steady work, began to make money and to enjoy life. He married an Oregon girl, purchased a beautiful home and settled down to become an esteemed member of the community. Things were beginning to look good for Walter Baer.

In 1929, however, the picture changed. Millions of men were catapulted out of employment and among them was Walter Baer. He had a wife, an aged father and three children to feed by now, and he just couldn't sit still. So he joined the Civic Emergency Federation, an organization of Portland unemployed. This organization, utilizing the promises of the Hoover P.W.A. program, was pushing a series of public works projects to provide work for the jobless. Baer, being an engineer, fitted into the picture perfectly. He was set to work and out of his deliberations came plans and proposals for an immense \$6,000,000 municipal sewage plant. It was a revolutionary scheme for a city whose rivers were so polluted as to necessitate laws against swimming in them. But the public liked the idea. The plan was proposed to the city fathers and they turned thumbs down. It seems that certain industrial firms stood to lose financially by such a project and, under cover, powerful forces were set to work.

Walter Baer and his unemployed colleagues, however, were undaunted. Doggedly they plugged away and, as a result of their efforts, the issue was placed before the people in a special election in the spring of 1933. When the votes were tabulated it was discovered that Walter Baer's sewage disposal system had been overwhelmingly approved by a two-thirds vote of the electorate.

A few weeks later Walter Baer was arrested by a squad from the Portland immigration office and hauled off to jail. The warrant for his arrest stated that he was to be deported for the prison sentences he served thirteen years before. The

names of the persons making the complaint against him were never made public.

For a year and a half the fight to free Baer has gone on. And, in the meantime, the sewage disposal project, approved by a two-thirds vote of the electorate, has been maneuvered and shelved and killed. Powerful interests, indeed, must have signed the deportation order against Walter Baer.

The governor of Oregon, Major-General Charles H. Martin, can kill the deportation proceedings against Baer by issuing a pardon for the engineer's fourteen-year-old crime. Thousands of people have pleaded with the governor for a

pardon, dozens of editorials in powerful daily papers have demanded a pardon, but the governor says no. His advisers tell him he is committing political suicide, thousands of citizens grumble and threaten a recall movement against him, but the governor still says no. He, too, has his orders.

Meanwhile Walter E. Baer waits at Ellis Island for a boat to Germany. He tried to go straight but, as the Portland daily *News Telegram* says editorially "he tried too hard".

Perhaps he can look out of his window at the Statue of Liberty standing in the entrance of New York harbor. But he can look in vain. The lady's back is turned on him.

—KENNETH FITZGERALD



## SOVIET SCIENCE FACES INWARD

BY D. T. MACDOUGAL

THE SCIENCE ADVISORY BOARD, one of the "alphabeticals" appointed by President Roosevelt in 1933, completed its scheduled work on December 1. Its two years of existence were distinguished by the fact that no call was made for any project expenditures or any financial requirements beyond trivial expenses of operation.

Its chairman, Dr. Karl K. Compton, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in a final report upon its dissolution to President Roosevelt December 1, said in part: "There is no need for the government to embark upon comprehensive programs in pure science, invention or industrial development. There are, however, numerous scientific services of such wide scope and general utility that no agency except the government is competent to handle them adequately. There are also fields of scientific or technical development which hold evident promise of benefitting the public, but which are not proper or practical fields for private initiative."

In the last category are to be included mapping of land areas, charting soundings and currents of the seas, physics of the atmosphere, soils, public health, studies of the ionosphere and stratosphere as pertinent to weather and climate, magnetism and radio communication.

No more accurate presentation of the place and procedure of science has ever been made. To those who would say that the above is a set-up for the development of science in a capitalistic state it is to be pointed out that no creative work in this field has ever been done by a committee, convocation, or convention and that the work of Aristotle, Newton, Darwin, Helmholtz or Einstein could not have been managed by a bureau. Whatever the form of government, dictatorship, democracy, absolute monarchy, constitutional rulers, fascist, or communist, the intellectual requirements and processes of the human mind remain unchanged.

Neither do conclusions of consequences come to researchers by feverish flashes. Step by step, building, rebuilding, discarding faulty evidence, incorporating ideas derived from any source, making new interpretations, the worker himself his own sternest censor finally formulates new things to be put before a world of skeptics. The critic who most clearly understands my newest results may be in Czechoslovakia, India, France or Finland. He may point out to me the weak places in my evidence and suggest, perhaps kindly, perhaps rig-

ously, or even scornfully, the incompleteness of my work. Such criticism may indeed make possible the rounding out of a research of importance from but tentatively related fragments.

The recent discussions as to the nature of cosmic radiation, in which physicists of several countries participated, illustrate the manner in which sure knowledge of the universe is gained. No hocus-pocus of sociological formula, edict, fiat of government or sentimentalization can nullify or modify the importance of the interplay of human minds, any more than it would be possible to change the velocity of light, the nature of protoplasm or the value of mathematical constants. The value of Pi, expressing the relation of the circumference to the diameter of a circle will always be 3.1416—although attempts have been made by legislators of the caliber now ruling Germany and Italy to have it declared otherwise.

The world is now witnessing two disturbing cases of impairment of intellectual freedom: one by "purification" of science, philosophy and art by elimination of scholars, condemnation of books, and interdiction of ideas in conformity to political policies of non-intellectuals: the other by national isolation. The first, so well-known as to need no further description, has exiled from Germany hundreds of scholars of the first rank, with consequent irreparable loss to a self-styled population of Aryans.

The nationalization impulse may awaken or deepen a general feeling of independence and self-reliance, and may lead to a beneficial appraisal of the material and human resources of a country. Every movement beyond this stage is generally retrograde and reprehensible. Intellectual or artistic groups who face inward inevitably moulder and go streaky, inept and skewed, sacrificing any capacity for impact on the swiftly moving stream of modern life.

It is with regard to this last named danger that scientists are now giving attention to the conditions of research that were brought into the limelight in connection with the great meeting of physiologists at Moscow in August.

The Soviet Union proclaims its devotion to science. A host of young, ardent, and of experienced workers are engaged in its scores of new and splendid laboratories upon which funds are being lavished. Faith in science as a factor in culture, and realization of its useful applications are evident. So far the

picture glows with life. One thing, however, is lacking and that one thing is the very breath of scientific progress: that of intimate, free and immediate communication with the activity of the remainder of the world.

Time was when the scientist was a hermit. He carried out his observations and experiments in secret for he was regarded as a magician in touch with the powers of the nether world. His findings were confided to intimates if he had any such. Was he so fortunate as to come to the notice of a potentate, he might figure as a sage, a wise one, or a savant, but in any case he figured as a more or less unholy one. Science was a negligible factor in life.

Now between the hermit and the state of full, unhampered and open flow of ideas, there is no half-way stage. National eddies of scientific activity are scarcely better than stagnant pools. The fact that the Sargasso Sea of Russian Soviets is large and that thousands of keen workers swarm in its weedy expanses does not make for unified progress, nor does it tend to the safe and sound development of science. The pathetic eagerness with which the few Russian scientists who have been allowed to come to America display in their visits to our laboratories speaks of intellectual starvation. The scientific work from Russian laboratories is published in Russian journals with no abstract in French or English.

Taking one branch of science, physiology, in which the great Pavlov has been pre-eminent, during and since the days of the Tsar, it has now become apparent that the hundreds of younger men who have been awakened by his genius are shut in and may not visit laboratories in other countries freely. Not only are they confined, but the scientific periodicals of other countries are allowed to come in to them but sparingly.

Then, too, a commendable practice of distributing separate reprints of articles describing new results to other workers known to be interested in the subject has become widely prevalent among scientists. We now receive no such papers from Russia, and evidence that material from other countries does not reach the working scientist, and that its entrance may even work to his prejudice, is not lacking, so all such addresses are struck from our mailing lists.

Of three "foreign" journals devoted to physiology, published in English, nine times as many copies come to the United States as go to the U.S.S.R. Modern methods of administration of libraries, including photostatic facilities for making copies of separate articles to meet the needs of individuals are such that it can be reasonably said that the facilities for keeping up with current literature of the world in America are fifty times as great in Carmel, St. Louis, New York, Atlanta or Tucson as in Moscow.

That the odds are greater in the remoter soviets is well evidenced by a letter recently received from a professor in an institution near the Caspian Sea, in which the writer asks me to send him copies of articles of mine published in German, English and American journals as far back as 1914, and files of which are on the shelves of almost every working laboratory in other countries. Not only does he desire American literature but asks how he might secure a copy of a contribution by a prominent French scientist published in one of the best known and widely distributed serials in the French language.

This in contrast with the fact that it was loudly and frequently announced that the U.S.S.R. is more concerned in promoting science than is the government of any other country. It would be safe to assume that the Soviet leaders are sincere in their intention of carrying out more intensive and extensive researches, and of making wide use of science in cultural development. But it may be still more assuredly

predicted that the effort will be largely nullified if, after scientists are given apparatuses and laboratories, they are held incommunicado. Among the many modifications in the major economic and sociological experiments, that of exclusive nationalization has not been relaxed in any case. It will be a notable exception indeed if researchers are given a freedom allowed to no other element in the communes.

Repression of scientists does not stop with restriction of the movements and communications of those assigned to work in the new and huge laboratories maintained for them. "Prof. Kapitza is a brilliant scientist who for some years did his research at Cambridge University in the Cavendish Laboratory of Lord Rutherford. Last spring Prof. Kapitza went home for a visit to Russia and was detained permanently because Soviet authorities decided that his work was so valuable it might well be done in the U.S.S.R." (Adapted from *Science Service News Letter*, December 7, 1935). Cambridge University and Royal Society had jointly erected a laboratory and equipped it at great expense for Prof. Kapitza, who is a pioneer in his field. The U.S.S.R. promises to duplicate the equipment required for his work. He may have adequate equipment but he goes under duress.

That the matter became an international incident is comparatively unimportant. That this sequestration was a raw and obvious violation of ethics is also beside the point. The real damage was the disturbance of a research of the first magnitude, and the partial enslavement of a man of genius.

In the arrangements made by scientists, not by politicians, measures have been perfected by which researchers move widely and freely about the civilized world, and a scheme of exchange of professorships is in effect making still further possible the free flow of ideas. The wisdom of this practice is recognized even among the most narrow-minded administrators.

The leaders of the Soviets have made colossal sacrifices of human life with an indifference characteristic of Asiatics. This was purposeful and may have been necessary in dealing with peoples of Asiatic psychology. It now remains to be seen whether or not similar sacrifices of intellectual values will be made in an experiment the likes of which have so signally failed many times in history.

I include among my prized privileges contacts with Russian botanists, physiologists, geographers, geneticists, etc., since Tsarist days and many have visited and worked with me in laboratories East and West. Their eagerness and keenness of imagination make them welcome in any group. Their qualities of boldness need to be balanced by a fuller knowledge of the world's activities in science and to be perfected by the self-criticism engendered by the scepticism of the world as to any new scientific departure.

As to restraints, we chafe under the restrictions of government and institutions which unavoidably use much energy and time. Our "red tape" is as flimsy shreds of ribbon compared to the steel bands which encircle the scientists of the Soviets.

All scientists, including our Russian colleagues, fear and dread that a vast, badly ordered scientific mechanism may be arranged in which immeasurably valuable material and human resources may be wasted with a deplorable failure of intrinsically noble idealistic plans.

The scientist in Caucasia gropes for the products not only of American laboratories but also those of Paris, via Washington, Tucson and Carmel, which are denied him by a generosity-vaulting government. Delighted to oblige a colleague under duress, although I have received but one similar publi-

cation from the laboratories of the Soviets in 20 years, and that an official journal noting a fortnight's visit by two eminent workers from Leningrad at the laboratory in Carmel. Beyond this nothing is expected.

Science demands a double track highway over which workers may travel in either direction and that their results like the messages of rulers in medieval times be transmitted "without let, hindrance or delay".



# THE NATURE OF AMERICAN IDEALS

## II - ARE IDEALS HELD BY AMERICANS AMERICAN IDEALS?

BY ELMO A. ROBINSON

**T**HE first installment of this discussion described some simple attempts to take a census sample of American ideals, that is, find out what these ideals are by asking various types of citizens to answer certain questions. The wide variety of replies actually received and probably always to be expected in any census of ideals may prompt the reader to suggest that the attempt to interrogate living Americans cease and that our attention be turned to history as the proper reservoir of ideals. But similar divergences confront one here. The typical ideals of the settlers of Virginia differed from those of the New England colonists. In New England itself the ideals of the Plymouth Colony with respect to individual opinion, speech and conduct were more liberal than were to be found in the neighboring Massachusetts Bay Colony. In Virginia the ideals of some officials led to the imprisonment of several Baptist preachers, whereas the ideals of Jefferson and Madison led to the agitation for their liberation and for the enactment of laws guaranteeing greater freedom. In determining the historical characteristics of American ideals, what weight shall be given to the patriotic colonists who remained loyal to their British King and Parliament, refusing to participate in revolution? Their ideals seem to be similar to those held by ardent patriots of our day. What weight shall be given to the Old South before the Civil War? State sovereignty is not entirely forgotten. What weight shall be given to the ideals of the Spanish years in California and to the days of '49? Or are American ideals confined to the region east of the Appalachians and to the camps of victorious armies?

Let us assume, however, that it is possible to take a complete census of contemporary and historical ideals in America, to weigh and classify and compare them, and to find some residuum of agreement which can then be presented to the world as the ideals actually held by Americans. Does this give us any information as to what ideals Americans ought to hold? This is the question familiar to students of ethics: can the "is" determine the "ought"? Does psychological or sociological information concerning what men actually believe to be right settle the question as to what anyone ought to judge to be right? Are American ideals the ideals actually held by citizens of the United States or are they the ideals which these citizens ought to hold?

In the last election in California there was a clash between the ideals represented by Mr. Merriam and those represented by Mr. Sinclair. It was a common experience to hear a speaker denounce, either outspokenly or by implication, the ideals of his opponent as being un-American. Any such accusation, any accusation that the ideals held by American

communists or by American bankers or by American teachers are un-American reflects a philosophical position. It is an assertion that the mere fact that an ideal is accepted by Americans does not make it an American ideal. Even ideals held by large numbers of citizens about the kind of government they wish are popularly believed not to be American ideals. Journalists and politicians may not know it, but by their accusations they are implying the philosophy that the "is" does not determine the "ought".

This view seems to present obstacles even greater than its alternative. Difficult as it is to find out what Americans do think, is it not even more than difficult, is it not impossible to find out what Americans ought to think? Upon what basis shall such a decision be made?

The appeal from present concepts of American ideals to concepts of an earlier period of our history, referred to above, raises another question. Are our ideals changing? Plato believed that, once the state were correctly organized, no alterations should be permitted. Is such an ideal of changelessness in harmony with Americanism? Or, if change is admissible what is its scope and field of operation? Is it applicable to ideals? That is, whatever the facts may be, whether our ideals are actually changing or not, ought they to undergo change? Is constancy or modifiability of ideals the truly American view? If modifiability should be the answer, we are faced with the problem of evaluating the proposed changes. If constancy be the answer, the problem is then to decide how to make the old ideals work in a new situation.

But this is not an end to the questions which may be asked. Are American ideals primarily individual or social? Individual ideals include personal virtues such as honesty, thrift, chastity. Social ideals include views about the kind of government desired, about the organization of the nation's business, about its education. In enumerating our national ideals should one include both of these types, or only one, and if but one, which?

Consider ideals in general, quite irrespective as to whether they be American, Parisian, or elysian. What is the nature and function of an ideal as such? Is an ideal a kind of pagan idol to be blindly worshiped? Is it an object of naive, child-like faith? Or is it to be contemplated, if at all, only with disillusioned disdain and sophomoric scepticism? And what of the relationship between ideals and facts? If an ideal of democracy exists, but democracy itself should be judged nonexistent, does the discrepancy between ideal and fact cast doubts on the value of the ideal? When such a clash arises should the ideal be modified to fit the facts, or the facts transformed to fit the ideal? If attempts to modify facts in the

direction of an ideal fail, even though these attempts be persistent and intelligent, should the ideal be abandoned? Is the charge of unworkableness a death-blow to any ideal?

As a final question one may inquire whether ideals can be taught. It is usually regarded as one function of educational institutions that they impart ideals to their pupils and students. But the technique of realizing this objective is something of a problem. Required reading, indoctrination, preaching all too frequently arouse opposition rather than promote acceptance. Are there any methods which promise success? Can American ideals be taught?

It is a habit of those who follow in the footsteps of Socrates along the pathway of philosophy to ask more questions than they have ability to answer. In this case the writer believes that he is performing a greater service to the reader by raising the questions than by striving to answer them. But to satisfy himself, and perhaps the reader as well, he will seek to formulate partial solutions to some of the problems proposed. Before doing this, however, it will be of interest to present a few selections from the letters of the more thoughtful and painstaking correspondents. This will be done in the next installment.

(Next week Professor Robinson asks: What Do Intelligent Americans Believe?)

## THE THEATER

### MUSSOLINI VS. ITALY

**B**ELIEVING only in the significance of Mussolini and extremely fond of hearing himself talk, Mussolini went into conference with Mussolini and decided that he must do something more for Mussolini, so he put on another one of his frequent "Pooh Bah" acts, on this occasion, however, in a feature length sound film, and the \$2,000,000 fascist propaganda screenplay, *The Man of Courage*, written, co-directed, produced by Mussolini, with Mussolini as the star, was the sad result.

"Let it be known that we only desire to be left alone," said Mussolini in the film, probably thinking of his coming conquest of Ethiopia. The film was advertised to depict the glory of Italy since the World War and up to 1933, but modest Mussolini succeeded only in depicting the glory of Mussolini, amid the most pernicious flow of fascist ideology, speeches, marching men, flag-waving and sword-rattling that ever came this way.

It preaches and seriously draws, among others, the following conclusions. Before the World War the scoundrel communists, for pecuniary gain, were inveigling all good Italians into emigrating to another country. That the 2nd International not only started the World War, but its Italian members were pretty low indeed in fighting for neutrality, when all Italy wanted to enter the war. Italians who leave or have left the country are despicable, but all will be forgiven if they will come home and become cannon fodder for the glory of Italy. That while Italy has known the depression, she now has unprecedented prosperity, in contrast to the continued cry of the unemployed throughout the world. And above all that Mussolini, he with the uplifted chin, is God, the Son and the Holy Ghost and that Il Duce is their prophet.

With dubbed-in English bordering on the ridiculous and

continuity edited like a newsreel, the weak plot completes the \$2,000,000 farce, by depicting the trials and tribulations of a peasant family before, and the prosperity after, the coming of the Messiah Mussolini.

The film, now touring the country under the sponsorship of the Italian embassy, in its very crudity and in view of the enormous sum of \$2,000,000 spent on it, is really pathetic. Perhaps nothing reflects so vividly as the film itself the collapse of art in Fascist Italy and the hollow glory of Fascism.

*The Man of Courage* appropriately concludes with our hero Mussolini sitting on what appears to be clouds, surrounded from the tip of his toes to the top of his bald head by a sacred aura, with fascist flags and emblems floating by.

### "THE NEW GULLIVER"

**A**FTER viewing the Soviet screenplay which was four years in the making, *The New Gulliver*, based on Swift's great satire, *Gulliver's Travels*, I am quite sure that if the late Dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral turns in his musty grave because of the free film version of his immortal book, he will do so only to applaud it.

Possessing all the incisive satire and invective of the book, but poured in a more modern mould, the film depicts the adventures and misadventures of Petya, the boy Gulliver, sensitively portrayed by V. Konstantinov, the only living actor in the picture, amidst the struggle to the death of 3,000 royalist, capitalist and proletarian Lilliputian puppets, with the ultimate victory of the workers realized when Gulliver drags the enemy ships to sea.

All this is delightfully interwoven with hilarious and caricatured situations, scenes and individuals. A boisterous debate is held in the Senate on the life and death of Petya. The King, an imbecile, gives all his commands and speeches on a hidden phonograph. The youthful Gulliver is fed by a firehose and steam-shovel, and is entertained by a love-sick crooner and by an amazing troupe of midgets who are almost as small in proportion to the Lilliputians as the Lilliputians are to Petya.

A few words may be appropriate concerning the puppets, in view of their being used for the first time in the history of motion pictures. They are tiny things, each from two to three inches long, and are made of cloth, metal, wood and rubber, enabling them to move even their little fingers. They have no strings attached to their arms or legs as have marionettes. But according to A. Ptushko, director of the film, animation is achieved by taking shot after shot of "stills", that is, when a puppet raises his hand, twenty-five different shots are taken showing the gradual but controlled uplift of the hand.

Perhaps a still more remarkable fact about these puppets is that all the leading characters of the film have a wardrobe of from two to three hundred heads each, besides their own flexible countenance, depicting all shades of hate, greed, anger, fear, nobility, joyous imbecility and other emotions.

All and all, *The New Gulliver* is not only a rich and penetrating satire on the decadence of capitalism, but also a new and advanced step in the art of the film industry. And here truly we have a Russian film in which the propaganda is so cleverly interposed and blended that it ceases to be propaganda and becomes art. Don't miss it.

—RUVIN BARTH

### "I FOUND STELLA PARRISH"

**U**NTIL I saw the picture I didn't know that Stella had mislaid herself. But, according to the script, the British Isles were shaken to their very foundations over the disappearance

of this actress. One may imagine the furor resulting in the staid old kingdom should some one make a cutting remark about Queen Mary's peculiar headgear, but never any excitement over an actress stricken with amnesia.

The story is simple—even childish. An actress' husband is very jealous. He finds her in the room of her leading man. There is a struggle for the possession of his revolver. The leading man is shot. The actress and her husband are convicted of murder.

Her baby is born in prison. After her parole she becomes famous on the stage. Her husband finds her. She then suddenly drops from sight. The newspapermen of England drop everything to solve the mystery. She takes ship for America. The ace reporter of the London Bulletin (Ian Hunter, a very good actor) in a moment of mental lapse himself, takes the same boat. He bumps into the lost person accidentally. She is disguised as a middle-aged auntie. But he sees through her disguise and pursues her. She is fascinating, but none the less he cables his paper, "I Found Stella Parrish—Hold the presses for the story." Eventually he sends the story and then Stella tells him everything including that she loves him. But it is too late. The story has already rocked England.

The big scene is when all the reporters in New York are gathered in her apartment and Mr. Hunter enters. He tries to explain. But she goes to bed. But later he fixes everything up as a good Englishman should. She is a great actress again and everybody is very, very happy. Many years ago William Shakespeare wrote a fitting title for this film—"Much Ado About Nothing".

—JOHN PONIARD

## HOLLYWOOD-WEEK

(Hollywood News Bureau—Exclusive to PACIFIC WEEKLY)

### SNOW WHITE

THE SPLENDID RECEPTION accorded Lenfilm's *New Gulliver* gave impetus this week to Walt Disney's decision to make his first full-length cartoon film in color, *Snow White*. Planned for years, *Snow White* has been shelved until now, due to the tremendous cost of production and the uncertainty of its reception. The latter assured by Lenfilm's success, Disney has started testing players for voice and appearance. Though none of the actors will be seen in the picture, they will rehearse and artists will meanwhile make sketches of their movements. These sketches will be the basis for the usual "stop-frame" cartoon technique. The picture will probably not be available until 1937.

### GALL

BEHIND THE NAME of the Italian-American Friendship Association which this week leased the Los Angeles Philharmonic Auditorium to show the Italian-made, pro-Fascist, Mussolini-written film, *Man of Courage*, is Merle Armitage, manager of the auditorium for the Philharmonic Association. Insists Mr. Armitage; "The Italian consul is sponsoring the showing." Protests, however, kept busy the Armitage phone number, MI 8088.

### CAPITALIST PLANNING

SUPERB FRENCH VERSION of *Crime and Punishment* was im-

ported by Lenauer International Films to compete with the Columbia-Josef von Sternberg opus which got lukewarm reception, partly due to comparison with the richer, more vital French production. Now, Warner's *The Life of Pasteur*, starring Paul Muni, faces the competition of Lenauer's new importation, *Pasteur*, written, acted and directed by Sacha Guitry.

### ASCAP

THE PUBLIC knows little about the American Society of Composers and Publishers. This is an organization of composers, lyricists and musical publishing concerns which has had long-term contracts with radio stations, etc., simplifying copyright entanglements by contractually agreeing to annual fees which the stations pay in lieu of individual royalties. For the last quarter of 1935, for example, a total of \$850,000 is waiting to be divided among the nation's leading song-writers and their publishers.

The coming of sound to films was a great incentive to song writing and song publishing. The major motion picture companies formed their own publishing outfits, were able thereby to share ASCAP's collections and, furthermore, were able to force motion picture exhibitors all over the country to pay an extra music royalty in addition to paying the contracted rental on each picture. This, exhibitors have always felt, was an extortion; they have always resented the mandatory manner in which producers collected for ASCAP and have determined some day to break this unwarranted charge.

Brewing for several years, however, has been a fight by Warner Brothers for control of ASCAP, a battle which took the form of attempted purchase of enough publishing companies to secure voting control by virtue of ownership of a majority of member companies and the ability to dictate to song-writers in their employ. Clever maneuvering by other major companies and publishers last year prevented Warner from buying this control.

This year, with the ASCAP-radio contract ending on January 1, Warner made the break, ordered the resignation of all its music companies from ASCAP and is trying to make its composers and lyricists resign. The former order was carried out immediately, the latter is questionable since it cannot be enforced, since the new contracts are too well known to be long without jobs. Second demand: Warner songs must receive separate royalties wherever played.

Since Warner claims that its songs constitute 40 per cent of all those played on the air to-day, the company expected speedy capitulation by broadcasters before January 1. Little did Warner expect the united front against it which this week came from dance bands, radio station and theaters alike.

Dance band leaders, among them the biggest names on the air, many of them song-writers themselves, have banned all Warner tunes, resenting the coercion Warner is using against song-writers in its employ. The radio stations, not waiting January 1, have already banned the playing of all Warner songs, will probably joyfully renew ASCAP contracts at no increase, while Warner demands increased royalties on its music. Theater exhibitors, now that the tie-up between the music publishers and Warner is out in the open, will probably gang up on Warner as an example, refuse to pay music fees on its films as a test case before taking the same action against other producers. If Warner insists, independent theaters will probably refuse to buy the Warner product.

Warner failed to see possibilities of its own employees, the dance bands, the radio stations and the theater exhibitors getting together. Result to Warner: Ignominious defeat which

will probably result in lack of cooperation on radio tie-ups from now on. The networks and independent radio stations will not be so ready to aid Warner films on the air, will give cooperation to Paramount, MGM, RKO, 20th Century-Fox, Universal, who stick with ASCAP firms. The fact is that Warner needs the radio more than the radio needs Warner.

Hoggish from their earliest days when they refused to lease sound patents to other companies, Warner selfishness this time has put the company in hot water. And a united front did it!

### MORE HOGGISHNESS

JIMMIE CAGNEY, one of screendom's best loved movie stars, has a five-year contract with Warner Brothers calling for twenty pictures. In three years, he has made fourteen and should make six in the next two years. Warner hoggishness again demands that he make eight before the expiration of his contract, refuses to allow him to make a picture for an outside company even though Cagney has a \$100,000 offer. Cagney has thumbed his nose at Warner's uncalled for demand and has gone off on a vacation. Once more, Warner needs Cagney more than Cagney needs Warner.

### SOVIET HOLLYWOOD

TWENTY-FIVE MILLION DOLLARS has been budgeted by the U.S.S.R. for the erection of the Soviet Hollywood in the climatically-ideal Black Sea area, with its wide range of natural scenery, as perfect for motion picture production as Southern California. The Congress of Film Workers at Moscow this week hailed with joy the government's announcement to back the project, the result of the Shumiatsky visit here this year. British and Hollywood experts will install the latest equipment and technique, will show adept Russian workers how to operate the most advanced cameras, lights, laboratory equipment, etc. The move undoubtedly forecasts Russia's determined entrance into the world film market now dominated by Hollywood and such British concerns as Korda's London films, Gaumont-British and British and Dominion.

### \$1,000 BONUS

REPUBLIC pictures have had a long-standing contract with Lew Ayres to star him in *The Leathernecks Are Coming*, unwritten script based on Communist "bandits" in Soviet China, with the marines coming to the rescue. For months, no Hollywood author would take on the job of writing a finished screen play, forcing Republic's Nat Levine, tight-fisted independent producer, to offer a \$1,000 bonus. Even this offer remained open for months until this week Seton I. Miller took on the task.

### JIG-SAW

"CHORUS of 75 beauties, all under 30, underdressed and underpaid" is the advertising slogan of Los Angeles burlesque theater.—Walt Disney, creator of Mickey Mouse or Micki Maus, depending upon where you live, has been awarded the Legion of Honor.—Mrs. Leslie Carter, believe it or not, one of America's foremost actresses of the last generation, is still trying to get a break in Hollywood. Her first (and last to date) picture was Paramount's *Rocky Mountain Mystery*, Zane Grey western, made months ago.—Freddie Bartholomew, *David Copperfield* and *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, is writing his diary for syndicate publication.

## BOOKS

### MARCH OF SCIENCE

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF EARTH, by John Hodgdon Bradley. (Coward, McCann) \$3

TOMORROW'S CHILDREN—The Goal of Eugenics, by Ellsworth Huntington. (John Wiley & Sons) \$1.25

OUTPOSTS OF SCIENCE, by Bernard Jaffe. (Simon & Schuster) \$3.75

(Reviewed by R. A. Kocher, M. D.)

THE unprecedented number of books in all branches of science written for the general reader during the last few years implies a popular demand, an increasing thirst for knowledge of phenomena beyond the everyday humdrum getting and spending. One wonders just how much this means. Is it a healthy sign or an effort at escape? The answer lies in the manner in which they are read. Ahasty, dilettante reading is useless, these books on science requiring some effort at mastery.

*Autobiography of Earth*, by Bradley, is an account of the physical forces which have shaped the Earth from out of a lifeless sphere of matter into an habitable abode for myriads of living things. Man's struggle from out the chaos of a complex and ruthless environment is traced through the stone age to his present position of supremacy over all other living things.

The book treats dramatically, under such chapter headings as "The Cosmic Plan", of the geologic beginnings of Earth; "The Ocean Overhead", of the moon and stars; "Master Etchers of the Land", of the action of rivers and glaciers; "The Hungering Deep", of oceans and tides; "A World in the Making", of volcanic action and earthquakes; "Man's Biography in Stone", of man's use of stone for implements of warfare and the hunt; "Time's Harvest", of the discovery and uses of metals; "The Limits of Freedom", of man's roots in the earth and the limitation of his possible development.

From a literary standpoint this book stands out as perhaps the best among many similar recent treatises on scientific subjects for the general reader; it sparkles with terse epigrams. This literary quality may be a fault, for the subject, one notes toward the end, is spread rather thin and is doubtless sacrificed to some extent for literary effect. Mr. Bradley is a geologist with a yen for writing. On the whole, this book is instructive and delightful reading.

*Tomorrow's Children* is not a title of a novel or movie scenario but as the subtitles states, deals with "The Goal of Eugenics". I should like to entitle this book "A Study in Futility". The treatment is by the method of question and answer, a eugenics catechism. To anyone who has seriously studied the subject, there is not and cannot be a science of eugenics—though the author of this book would have us believe it is "an applied science like engineering or medicine". The author's definition goes on to state that eugenics "rests on the two-fold basis of genetics, or the science of heredity, and sociology, or the science of society". In rebuttal of this assumption, I can only say (1) Modern genetics unequivocally disclaims the offspring. Recent knowledge of genetics proves there is no such thing as a superior race. Further, the chances of two genetically well endowed individuals producing equally endowed offspring are very slight and are seldom, if ever, realized. (2) Sociology is concerned with a study of and improvement of social conditions. It likewise disavows eugenics as an offspring or a branch. If the race is to be improved it may be by an improvement in social conditions, not by selective breeding of so-called superior individuals or the fostering of so-called superior races. Eugenics as a science,

program, or posture therefore is an idle dream.

*Outposts of Science*, by Bernard Jaffe, ambitiously essays the fields of Genetics, Anthropology, Physical Disease, Cancer, Glands, Mental Diseases, Vitamins, Insects, Matter, Radiation, Astrophysics, Weather and Galaxies. My first impression, before I had read a line, was; "It can't be done. Too many sciences for one man to cover authoritatively." I selected, first, chapters dealing with medical science. I changed my mind. Each subject is developed around a biographical account of one of the leading exponents of the science with which he is dealing. It is a good job, sufficiently comprehensive, sound, full of meat and will justify careful reading.

The reader of this book may take pride in man's scientific achievements, particularly the last half century; but on the other hand he may lay this book aside and say, "Man is still the unknown; life ununderstandable; man's earthly existence but a passing phase in the stream of unending time." One learns in this book that the lowly insect may replace him, indeed, was here long before man made his appearance; we read, "Man is but a creature of the last twenty minutes or so compared with the cockroach that hides behind the kitchen sink, but who can point his antennae to the coal in the hod and say, 'When that was being made my family was already well established.'" Reader, be humble.

A book to put on your nearest shelf, after first reading, for frequent future reference. It is well illustrated and indexed.

### HOOVER SHOULD ENJOY IT

SILAS CROCKETT, by Mary Ellen Chase. (Macmillan) \$2.50

(Reviewed by Grace King)

**T**HIS is a book that Herbert Hoover should enjoy. In fact, reactionaries of every shade should like this novel which glorifies an aristocracy and laments its decline.

True, the families of the trader-sea captains of the Maine coast formed neither a very important nor a very powerful aristocracy as aristocracies go. Probably ex-grand dukes and Wall Streeters who bought the sea captains' mansions for summer homes would deny the claim; yet, if we are to believe Miss Chase, an aristocracy it was, conscious of its superiority and of the rightness of its privilege. When the members of this aristocracy were overcome by the forces they helped create, they took refuge in glorifying the past and maintaining that, though they might be reduced to cleaning herring, they were still superior to less well-born workers who performed the same distasteful tasks. And they looked forward to but one thing, a return to power.

In spite of its name and its division into four parts, each the life of a Crockett man, this is a novel of women, the women who married and mothered the men and bred into them the conservatism Miss Chase believes so admirable. And although the book covers the last century in America, the characters are singularly removed from the main events of American life. Three wars occur in that time but receive only a sentence or two each. Sailing ships give way to steam, horses and buggies to automobiles, the descendants of proud captains who owned and sailed their own ships are forced to run ferry boats or split herring, but Miss Chase ignores the forces that bring such changes. "Time and chance" is her explanation. Time and chance, says Miss Chase in effect, are the foes of man, and the only way to conquer them is to rely on God. An old theory and one which keeps its believers from revolt.

The book has a pleasant if rather faded charm and a two-dimensional quality which makes it not unlike the paper with scenes from Versailles which covered the walls of the Crockett parlor. Probably it is as true a representation of the life of the Maine coast as was the wall paper of France in the days of the last Louis.

### "RICH" IS THE WORD

FROM DEATH TO MORNING, by Thomas Wolfe. (Scribner's Sons) \$2.50

(Reviewed by Mona Williams)

**E**VEN if you have a natural sympathy with Thomas Wolfe you can't take too much of him at once, any more than you can eat a whole fruit cake at one sitting. The word "rich" always comes into a description of Wolfe's work, and must come into it. There is no other word for the layer upon layer of suety, fruity abundance that is found on every page. This latest volume, *From Death to Morning*, is called a book of short stories, but not one is a story in the sense of plot and action. Neither are they sketches—they have not the sketch's light touch. People reacting to a chance death in a city subway; the smells of sawdust and elephants when a circus unloads in a small town on a summer morning; war and brutality covering a harsh, seamed tenderness—this is the material of the book.

If you have read the first two volumes in the saga of the Gant family, there is much here to catch you back to it—particularly in the last and longest piece, which is nothing more than the rambling rumination of Eliza Gant, packed full of spicy anecdote, and salty with Eliza's personality. There are pages so wildly exalted that they reach almost to poetry, repetitious as Homer was repetitious when he spoke again and again of the "wine-dark sea"—and then a marvelously effective plunge down to the reality of human idiom. And yet in spite of the way Wolfe presents his characters, detached and full-bodied in themselves, I know of no other writer whose personality so saturates his writing—the man, himself, stands up in three dimensions on every page of this book.

### A HEADMASTER'S VIEW

EDUCATION IN A CHANGING WORLD, by W. B. Curry. (W. W. Norton & Co.)

(Reviewed by Howard Lowe)

**W**ITH many of us, Mr. Curry believes that that education is worthless which does not prepare for the creation of civilized communities. Mr. Curry, who is Headmaster of Dartington Hall School in Devon, points out the difficulty inherent in such preparation; that is, the school's inability to increase native intellectual capacity. What it can do, of course, is to enlarge the area over which intelligence can effectively function by pointing out the many obvious fallacies in present day judgments based on the emotions.

To be adequately prepared for an adult social life, the child must meet his fellows in much the same relationships he will become aware of when he matures. It therefore follows that co-education is of paramount importance in the progressive school. While Mr. Curry dislikes the cult of nudity because of its self-consciousness, he believes it desirable that the students should on occasion see each other wholly or partially undressed. They will not then be burdened by the furtive curiosity common to so many adults.

If it really is civilized individuals that education is attempting to produce, then surely teachers must eliminate the element of competition in school work. For those children who are habituated to the idea that competition is the ruling motive in life are likely later to help perpetuate a competitive world. The marking system, for instance, is an admirable example of the type of thing which prevents people from ever conceiving of the idea of living in a cooperative commonwealth. Punishment is definitely undesirable as a means of control. It is a demonstration of the conception that things can only be accomplished by threats of violence. To train a child with success, one must first understand why he behaves as he does.

With this knowledge, one can attack and change the root of the behavior.

Mr. Curry feels definitely that, with considerable difficulty, a rational attitude toward belief and behavior can be attained. Of course, he is assuming the employment in the schools of what we have come to call "the scientific approach". Just how we are going to be able to examine freely problems of economics, politics and morality Mr. Curry does not tell us. It is obvious that teachers who permit unbiased discussions of these matters will be discharged.

Mr. Curry, in short, contributes little that is new to the thought on modern education. It may be that he does not intend to, as he is primarily interested in explaining progressive education to the layman. If this is so, he has an excellent job. For he has presented in quite amazing fashion the case of the Good Society, where, as Mr. Curry puts it, creativeness is more admired than acquisitiveness merely because happiness then will be more widely diffused and there will be less thwarting of instinct.

### PROPAGANDA IN PANTOMIME

THE DOG BENEATH THE SKIN. A play by W. H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood. (Random House) \$1.50  
(Reviewed by Ann Hawkins)

WHEN Edward Garnett was told that Oscar Wilde had been convicted, he stopped short on the top step of the British Museum and said: "That means the end of British poetry for fifty years!" He was very nearly right. With ten years to go, we find stirring the first important new school of British poetry since that day.\* The Auden-Spender-Day

\*No, T. S. Eliot was an American.  
Lewis constellation may or may not be what Garnett would call poets, but they are the only stars in the English sky. To them must be joined their friend Christopher Isherwood, novelist, now co-author with Auden of a drama called *The Dog Beneath the Skin*.

At a certain point of development poets and novelists are impelled to fall in love with the drama. Plays look so easy—they have so few words in them. The dramas poets write are likely to be wholly or partly in verse; to be densely symbolic; to be packed with fantasy; to be in a great many scenes requiring great expenditure for stage-sets. They are likely to be vile.

*The Dog Beneath the Skin* struggles with all these characteristics natural to its parentage; but is pretty good.

For one thing, it does face pretty realistically the technical difficulties of the medium—an excellent thing in poets, but rare, because poets' plays are as a rule literature of escape for the poet. Auden and Isherwood have deliberately imposed on themselves the discipline of the most rigid traditional theater form in existence. Most book reviewers will not recognize this, the art form in question being one which rarely bothers with print. But a clue is to be found on the jacket: "This play will be produced . . . a little before Christmas." The London theater at Christmas forgets all its tendencies and reverts to classicism. As it has done for a century, it burgeons out in Christmas pantomimes. These are not in pantomime. They are what a musical comedy would be if it had to draw its so-called plot from fairy-tale literature and had to be written in heroic couplets except for the comedians' prose cadenzas. Even to the doggerel conversation, even to the "transformation scene", even to the four-footed animal-actor as in *Puss in Boots*, or *Dick Whittington*—*The Dog Beneath the Skin* is panto.

This is important.

These writers are not ashamed of their instinctive cultural background. Use of the panto form in this case is part of what Day Lewis calls the constellation's "ancestor-worship"—of a variety which does not retire into the ancestral ivory monuments. Every child above a certain family income is

taken to the pantomime every Christmas. His parents enjoy the dirty jokes, he enjoys the fairy-tale, both get a kick out of the spectacular staging and the dances. Pantomime comes natural to an Englishman. There is no record, however, that this tool of the past has ever before been used as (if you like) propaganda.

That is what they are doing. To be sure of this you do not have to wait till you reach the play's explicit last line, which runs "To each his need; from each his power." Anyhow a crimson slogan does not prove a crimson orientation toward life. But before you get to the tag-line you encounter a number of scenes which mock European politics, amusements and the consequences possible from the conceit of the authors' own class.

This latter scene is not the best in the play, but it is important. "Bloody Thursday" has got into it somehow; a Sperry or Coundeorakis, shot by a policeman during a dock strike, lies on the operating table in a hospital where the medical profession reveres itself. But the surgeons and the electrical engineers (who think ourselves the only people really able to run things) are not all-wise. The patient dies.

The last scene suggests an alternative relationship to society for us Audens and Isherwoods. When the wanderers come home and find a Boys' Brigade of young fascisti drilling on the village green, they see that they are going to have to choose that alternative. No details are given. You can understand what you like when, to the accusation, "You're traitors to Pressan!" the hero answers; "Traitors to your Pressan, General: not to ours!"



### CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

DR. D. T. MACDOUGAL is an eminent botanist and author of numerous books and articles. As director of the Desert Laboratory at Tucson, Arizona, and the Coastal Laboratory at Carmel, California, and member of many foreign scientific bodies, he is in close touch with the world's great scientists and their work.

ELMO A. ROBINSON is associate professor of philosophy at State College, San Jose, California.

KENNETH FITZGERALD is the head of the Portland bureau of the "Voice of Action", largest labor paper in the northwest.

WHIDDEN GRAHAM is a New York newspaperman.

RUVIN BARTH is a Los Angeles poet and writer.

JOHN PONIARD is a Los Angeles newspaperman and feature writer.

DR. R. A. KOCHER has made original contributions to scientific magazines on nutrition; he is now writing a book on the subject.

GRACE KING is a graduate of the University of Washington where she studied under Prof. Vernon Louis Parrington.

MONA WILLIAMS is the author of "Here Are My Children" and "Bright is the Morning". She has also written several one-act plays. She is the wife of Henry Meade Williams and lives in Carmel, California.

ANN HAWKINS is a research student at the University of California.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### OMISSION ADMITTED

Editor, Pacific Weekly

The San Francisco Federal Writers' Project Workers feel that an unfortunate omission was made in the article, "American Guyed", which appeared in the January 6 issue of Pacific Weekly.

While otherwise adequate, the article did not contain the story of the mass action on Christmas Eve in which the united efforts of the writers resulted in winning concessions which have resulted in nearly 100 per cent organization on this white-collar job.

All WPA workers had been promised their checks the day before

Christmas. When the checks failed to arrive on the writers' projects, despite phone calls to every office of authority in the city, state, and national administration in San Francisco, some 60 writers went down in a body to Frank Y. McLaughlin's office at 49 Fourth street.

A committee of three, elected to speak for the body, attempted to see Mr. McLaughlin and was told that he was out of town. One of the members of the project, however, an unemployed newspaperman, recognized Mr. McLaughlin and stopped him as he was leaving his office for the day. It was Christmas Eve and practically every member of the delegation was broke.

Mr. McLaughlin was closeted with the three spokesmen for the group for more than an hour, while the entire body remained in the ante-room. The results of the conference were the cutting of five days' red-tape in three hours. Money was allocated, the checks were written and certified, and delivered by paymasters to the Washington School late that evening—eagerly awaited by the whole group.

OTHER PROJECT WORKERS WHO DID NOT JOIN THIS MASS ACTION DID NOT RECEIVE THEIR CHECKS UNTIL A WEEK OR MORE LATER.

San Francisco

Dorothea M. Sawtelle  
Executive Committee Secretary

## UPHOLDS THE PRESIDENT

Editor, Pacific Weekly

I am beginning to fear that there may be a chance of Franklin D. Roosevelt failing of re-election—judging by these "Literary Digest" straw-votes as reported in the Republican press.

Apparently he is losing ground. And not because he has helped Big Business back into the saddle, but because he has spent too much money on the disinherited; feeding the starving and finding work for the unemployed. Apparently the people want a miracle—they want to eat their cake and keep it too—they want the wheels to

turn—the hungry to be fed and the idle to be given work but also they do not want to pay taxes—they want Big Business and the great monopolies to be let alone—they want Roosevelt to play the magician's trick and pull countless billions out of his sleeve. We all remember the speeches—of President Hoover in the last campaign—and of Andrew Mellon his Secretary of the Treasury—and of Calvin Coolidge his helper. At least I do—I read them with astonishment—they were all of one rainbow hue. I will quote one of Mr. Hoover's, from memory: "The prices of securities are fully justified. This country is about to enter an era of the greatest prosperity in its history."

And what helped to elect Mr. Roosevelt was the racket of bursting banks, booming and bellowing so you could not sleep at night. Bank officials indicted—bank presidents hurrying abroad—United Steel falling like lead—and one long moan from Big and Little Business—Give us a new deal. And when Roosevelt was elected the New Congress couldn't work fast enough to answer the S.O.S.—of Banks and Big Business—"Help us or we sink."

That Banks and Big Business should have forgotten all this is perfectly natural. They want their feet in the trough again.

But the people? Well, perhaps that, too, is to be expected. The people always crucify their saviors. It is an old story.

Or perhaps B. B. is trying its old time scare: "If Mr. Bryan is elected this factory will close—you needn't come to work."

I know Mr. Roosevelt has not done all a Communist or Socialist or complete Left-winger would want. But I ask myself: "What would you, yourself, do: with a Congress drawn from forty-eight states and as unwieldy as a saw log, and surrounded with special privilege lobbyists and Big Business grafters and a Supreme Court to veto every law with any help in it and shout: "Stand aside."—"Right of way for Vested Rights."—"Freedom for laboring children is absolutely unconstitutional."

Los Gatos, California

Charles Erskine Scott Wood

## "THEY TELL ME--"

JAMES HOPPER, the new head of the Federal Writers' Project for California, started his literary career some thirty years ago as a school teacher in the Philippines. He sent back from there to McClure's Magazine stories so terrible and cruel in their realistic descriptions that McClure wouldn't print them; but Lincoln Steffens, who was at that time Managing Editor of the magazine, told the staff: "Either you must take these stories or you must take the author." Thus Hopper joined McClure's editorial staff. Steffens tells in his Autobiography how he made Hopper send some of his stories to other magazines that would pay more and so raised the McClure price.

Hopper went to the front as a war correspondent for Collier's Magazine and on one trip crossed the ocean with George Gordon Moore, at that time friend and confidante of Lord French and Lord Kitchener. For many years the Hopper family lived in France (Hopper's father is Irish and his mother French) and when they came back to the States they settled in Carmel where the early residents remember and tell stories of the four little fat, rolypoly children. Hopper was part of the early circle of Carmel writers which included George Sterling, Nora May French, Mary Austin, John Kenneth and Ethel Turner, Adriana Spadoni, Sinclair Lewis and Fred Bechdolt.

Hopper has written many short stories for American magazines. His Philippine tales are collected in a book, "Caybigan". Among his other books are "The Trimming of Goosie", "What Happened in the Night and Other Stories", and "9009", written in collaboration with Frederick Bechdolt.

ORDERS FOR the "Sunday Worker", new weekly news magazine to appear on January 12, have already reached 200,000. Its editor is Joseph North, until recently on the editorial board of "New Masses". Mike Gold has left his daily column on the "Daily Worker" and taken North's job on "New Masses". Among the "Sunday Worker's" many contributors will be Redfield, author of "The Ruling

Class"; Edward Newhouse, author of "You Can't Sleep Here", who will cover sports; Edwin Seaver, author of "The Company", who will do book reviews; and "Betsy Ross", a well-known San Francisco photographer. The New York office seems to be seething with excitement as only a newspaper office can before publication of its first issue.

UPTON SINCLAIR announces that he is publishing from his Pasadena, California, office, in January, a play entitled "Depression Island". This is the play which was produced during the California EPIC campaign, and is a satire on the depression. Three men are cast ashore on a tropical island, and one of them becomes the "owner" and hires the other two to work for wages; so they soon have "overproduction" of fish and coco-nuts, with "hard times", unemployment, a "coco-nut line", strikes, "Reds", and all the troubles we know so well. Mr. Sinclair states that he has received requests for the script of this play from Iceland, South Africa and Japan.

CALIFORNIA PHOTOGRAPHERS have been having considerable journalistic success recently. Consuelo Kanaga, well known for several years in San Francisco, has been in New York for some months and recently had an interview in the New York "Evening Post" with a page of photographs of Mexican migratory workers and their shanties. Willard van Dyke, who returned from Europe and Russia not long ago, has also been working in New York on movies with Ralph Steiner and others. Dorothea Lange, recently divorced from the California painter Maynard Dixon, has been photographing migratory workers, their camps and flapping tents, for the Resettlement Administration: Miss Lange is now the wife of Paul Taylor, of the University of California, who is on leave for a year to help set up the Federal camps for agricultural transients. Dr. Taylor's manuscript on the great cotton strike of the San Joaquin Valley of 1933 is now completed and will be the first full account of this historic and dramatic struggle.

Among the younger photographers, Peter Stackpole, son of Ralph Stackpole the sculptor, has been appearing in "Time" and "For-

tune" magazines. "Fortune" published his pictures taken at Wynton, the Bavarian (not bought in America) residence of William Randolph Hearst in Oregon. "Time" has published his photographs of the Bay bridge, and a few weeks ago, a fine portrait of Anita Whitney.

Other California photographers will be discussed in forthcoming columns.

WHEN THE ENGLISH came to discuss under what title they would publish Sinclair Lewis' last novel in England it was suggested it be called "It Can't Happen in America". But it was decided to keep the original title. This reminds us of the mote and the beam.

JOHN STEINBECK'S best-selling novel, "Tortilla Flat", about some of the picturesque characters of Monterey, has been bought by the movies. His wife writes: "John is crawling back into his shell for a few months as he feels another novel coming on."

A SWELL LETTER came from the Heinz (57 varieties) people the other day. Down its left hand side where we are accustomed to read the names of WCTU members, solemn liberals, pacifists and other solid citizens devoted to good causes (Meiklejohn, John Dewey, John Haynes Holmes, Harry Laidler, Norman Thomas, Norman Hapgood), we read: Noodle . Cream of Oyster . Cream of Mushroom . Turtle . Onion . Scotch Broth

"Each a Creation" it said at the end. Indeed, indeed! And Mr. Heinz will never know what a delightful change for us. It was a real treat!

FERN McGRATH, Educational Director of the Psychologic Center in San Francisco, writes us: "Perhaps your readers are not aware that there is a library of psychological books in San Francisco. I don't know of any such library outside of the universities, which is open to the public. It does seem to be filling a need." Certain books not in the University of California library, for instance, are to be found here.

ELLA WINTER

## NEXT WEEK

### UPTON SINCLAIR REPLIES TO MARXIST.

Letters also from other readers on the study of Marx, and a new article by Harold M. King.

### JUST WHAT DO INTELLIGENT AMERICANS BELIEVE?

Professor Elmo A. Robinson of the San Jose State College discusses this in the next installment in his series on THE NATURE OF AMERICAN IDEALS.

### SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC CREDO

of SARA BARD FIELD, Western poet and an associate editor of PACIFIC WEEKLY.

### LINCOLN STEFFENS' COLUMN.

### HOLLYWOOD-WEEK

What actually is important from week to week in the domain of films.

### "THEY TELL ME—"

Ela Winter's column on persons and things literary.

IN

**PACIFIC WEEKLY**

## AN EXTRAORDINARY ANNOUNCEMENT

A discharged inmate of SAN QUENTIN is to tell his story in the columns of PACIFIC WEEKLY.

He has served his term—"expiated" his crime, as they have it. The State of California has no further hold on him. He will tell frankly and under his true name what actually goes on behind those walls.

It is not a pretty story; it does not redound to the credit of civilization as exemplified by California, but it is true and it is important.

COMING SOON in

**PACIFIC WEEKLY**

## MORE THAN MONEY IN THIS LETTER

Dear Mr. Bassett

There isn't a magazine that comes to my desk that I find fresher, newsier, awaker than your Pacific Weekly. You've been sending it to me free. I think it time I subscribed.

More power to you!

January 2, 1936.

LEWIS GANNETT  
New York Herald Tribune

PACIFIC WEEKLY,  
Box 1300, Carmel, California.

Send your magazine for six months to

I enclose one dollar.